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New Dork Daily Tribung.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, MARCH 18.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign .- Military precautions have been taken against a possible Anarchist disturbance in Paris to-day. ___ Joint measures against the Anarchists are said to be contemplated by England, Russia, Germany and France. == Chief Mapoch has defeated the Boers, inflicting severe loss. = Bismarck will not submit a laws. = Firteen lives were lost by a shipwreck on the coast of Aberdeenshire. === The representatives of the Powers in conference in Paris or international patent laws have agreed on a conven tion which will be signed on Tuesday. Thomas Hodgson, one of the wealthiest merchants of Montreal, has been arrested for obtaining money by false pretences. === Four survivors of the Jeannette crew sailed from Havre for New-York yesterday. Domestic .- An explosion of gas occurred in Bos

ton yesterday, and a part of a street was blown up, several buildings were damaged and four persons were seriously injured. ____ The receiver's report of the Marion Trust Company, of Indianapolis, Ind., which swindled about 5,000 persons, was made public. ____ It was reported that a deficiency of nearly \$250,000 had been discovered in the accounts of the late Judge Taylor, of Newburg, N. Y. == John McCullough was unable to appear at a matinée in Cleveland on account of illness. ____ Ex-Secretary Kirkwood was thrown from his carriage in Iowa City and badly injured. ____ There are rumors in Wash-Ington of impending changes in the Treasury De partment. ____ General Diaz attended the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick, in St. Louis, last night.

CITY AND SUBURBAN. - A meeting of builders and architects took action last night in reference to the proposed building law. === O'Donovan Rossa's pretensions were repudiated by other Irishmen yesterday. = The celebration of St. Patrick's Day was less general than usual, - A bank-book representing \$5,000 was found on the body of a news woman. ___ A paper on the needs of the West Point Academy was read before the Military Service Inatitution. = Gold value of the legal-tender silver dellar (41212 grains), 84.17 cents. ____ Stocks were dull, but generally higher, and closed steady. THE WEATHER.-TRIBUNE local observations in dicate clear or fair and warmer weather, followed by increasing cloudiness and light rain. Tempera-

The Coroner yesterday unearthed a case of misery and avarice in Frankfort-st. which would have delighted the heart of Mr. Boffin. A wretched old woman was found dead in a meanly furnished room in a tumbledown tenement-house. In a dirty bag tied to her waist was a bank book showing a deposit of \$5,000 in the Bleecker Street Savings Bank. This was the result of fifteen years in the business of selling newspapers. Lonely and forlorn as the old woman was in life, a host of relations will be likely to rise up now and

ture yesterday: Highest, 45°; lowest, 26°; aver-

age, 36120.

call her blessed. The report that Prince Bismarck will not submit a bill for the revision of the May laws to the Prussian Legislature indicates that he has no hope at present of arriving at a way of living pleasantly with the Vatican. At first glance it seems as if this result would be a great disappointment to all Prussian Catholics. Their spiritual destitution certainly will not be relieved. But while the truly devout may lament, the Clericals, the Catholic politicians, probably are not more than half sorry at the way matters have turned out. They cannot attack Bismarck when he violates liberal principles, for they do not believe in political liberality themselves. They have objects of their own, however, which may be advanced by shrewd diplomacy with Bismarck, and the ecclesiastical laws always offer them points of attack by which they can make themselves felt. Destroy their grievances, and their

power would be sadly reduced. An indignant house-holder in a letter to THE under the ban because he praises Mr.

which are respectfully referred to Commissioner Thompson. If he cannot answer them nobody can. It is a singular fact that there are certain blocks in the city which always seem to be worse off than other parts of the same neighberhood. This is the case in West Fortythird-st. When the water flows on the third floors elsewhere, it often does not get above the second in West Forty-third-st. Now it will the night-and then it only drips. As the writer of the letter referred to insinuates, the point has nearly been reached when the Health Board will have to take the matter in hand, We have stringent laws about plumbing; but what good will the most perfect system of pipes and traps do if there is no water to flush them? They will soon breed diphtheria, scarlet fever and other dread diseases. It would be a painful thing if the Health Board should feel obliged to get the Department of Public Works indicted this summer as a nuisance; but we seem to be drifting that way.

The feast of St. Patrick was not observed vesterday in this city with its old-time vigor. The street cars were able to run with something like regularity, and travel and trade were not blocked for hours by the procession as usual. Not more than three thousand men are said to have been in line-or as nearly in line as they could be. Our local and visiting Irish patriots did not make nearly so much of their notoriety as they might. Egan and Sheridan even went out of town instead of staying here to show themselves to the admiring crowds. The probable explanation of this lack of animation is that Irish patriotism in this country has been somewhat chilled of late. The shocking marders in Ireland, particularly those in Phoenix Park, added to the unpleasant report about dishonest or even criminal management of the Land League funds, have made many Irish-Americans less enthusiastic for "Ould Ireland" than in years gone by. The crimes of members of secret societies are so especially abhorrent to most good Catholics that they abstain from doing anything which might be misconstrued. Moreover, Irishmen who have lived in this country long are apt to grow a little tired of parades. They find them tame. The chances of the whole show ending in a fight are not as good as they used to be.

The tone of public sentiment in England as indicated in our special cable dispatches is admirable. If the Fenian miscreants expected to create a panic by the explosion in the Government offices and to shake the foundations of political order, they were sorely disappointed. England is self-possessed and resolute, and has set its face sternly against any concessions to Ireland. At the same time the reality of the danger is perceived. The Fenian desperadoes had made three unsuccessful attempts to blow up public buildings-the Salford Barracks, the Liverpool Town Hall and the Mansion Housebefore they planned this explosion in the Westminster quarter. What has been done once will probably be done again. Although precautions may be doubled, the conspirators are employing physical agencies against which no Government can adequately protect itself. The machinations of these dynamite fiends are and must remain a constant and deadly source of peril. At the same time every additional crime must create something like a recoil in Ireland. The Land League cause is already discredited as supported mainly by crimes and outrages. and the leaders are weaker at home for every new plot by which the moral sense of mankind is startled. It is a disheartening outlook, an agonizing struggle, but we believe that Mr. Gladstone is gradually strengthening himself bill for the revision of the ecclesiastical in Ireland through the operations of the Land act and that the era of dastardly crime and cowardly panic-makers is drawing to a close.

> THE CASE OF MR. HOWELLS. If an American explorer were to return to his native country about this time, from some unknown land so savage and remote as to be out of the reach of THE TRIBUNE and similar chronicles of events and opinions, and were to look in current newspapers for traces of the most important movements in literature, art, and morals, he might imagine the country to be in revolt against two malign pretenders, whose books are at once an affront to American intelligence and a danger to American letters. These mischievous and unprincipled persons are Mr. Henry James and Mr. William D. Howells. They have been writing novels for several years, and the world appears to have been tricked into supposing that they wrote very well. At any rate people have been glad to read their stories, and publishers to pay for them; and foreign critics have recognized them as the principal representatives of a new school of fiction, distinguished by certain fine and fresh qualities in which contemporary English novelists are almost universally deficient. Only a few months ago this was the general opinion of American journalists also. We looked upon James and Howells as a credit to our country, and since Americans have a pleasant habit of appropriating the credit of the country to themselves individually, and assuming a generous personal share in the celebrity of Niagara Falls, the common-school system, General Grant, American humor, the climate of California, Saddle Rock oysters, and Boston novels, we applauded these young men for showing the Old World what we could do in the way of English composition when we thought it worth while. This is the way we looked at the matter a few months ago. But suddenly the tone of the press has changed. There is

is not quite so queer. There has always been a party hostile to him in the American press, an American literary clique augrily refusing to accept him as an American novelist, owing to an uncomfortable doubt whether he had any desire for patriotic fellowship. The present outbreak against Mr. James is the extension of an old grievance rather than the discovery of a new one. He has given no fresh cause of offence. He has not recently depicted the American abroad with libellous fidelity to facts which is spoken of as cynicism, and that provoking indifference to popularity which some of us relieve our minds by calling snobbish; and if he is denounced just now with more fervor than usual, it is because he has been keeping bad company. The favor and friendship of Mr. Howells seem to be re garded as the crowning outrage for which Mr. James is not to be forgiven. The clamor against Mr. Howells is so sudden, so violently in contrast with the praises lately lavished upon him, so grotesquely improper when we consider the amiability of his character and the cheerful, genial, unaffected tone of his writings, that the dispassionate observer is both puzzled by it and amused. What has be done all at once ? Is Mr. James to be cast forth because Mr. Howells praises him, and Mr. Howells at the same time to be laid

hardly anything too severe to say of these

With regard to Mr. James perhaps the case

successful novelists now.

the water-supply in West Forty-third-st., with a noble resentment because Mr. Howells has spoken with qualified approbation of the favorite novelists of England? The unfortunate remark about the methods of Thackeray and Dickens was mistaken criticism, and we wish that Mr. Howells had not made it: but it will not bear the interpretation which many censorious persons have placed upon it, and it certainly does not account for the chorus of reckless denunciation which is suddenly hardly run there at all except in the middle of raised against its author. "Why, this fellow cannot write," exclaims a wild Western newspaper which knows as much about literary taste and style as a Modoc Indian knows about French grammar. "This fellow cannot write; he cannot write at all."

We are half persuaded that the unpardonable sin of Mr. Howells is to be found not in the sketch of Henry James, but in the story of "A Modern Instance." Bartley Hubbard was much too true to nature. There are some hundreds of men whom a tolerant public maintains in American newspapers-men of coarse fibre, selfish instincts, weak morals, untruthful, undisciplined, not respecting other people because they do not respect themselves, and wanting only temptation to develop into rascals. Mr. Howells has read them. He has gone to the bottom of their vulgar little souls and turned them inside out. "Pshaw!" they ery; "this dull and common story could have been told in ten lines. It is not interesting." Ah, the trouble is that for them the interest is much too keen and personal. And what makes the wound rankle the more is the fact that Mr. Howells himself has been a country journalist. A gentleman in their own profession is the sort of gentleman whose superiority they especially resent. They dislike him because he understands them so well; because in the same circumstances of life he has developed qualities so much finer than theirs; because he is distinguished and they are mean; because he has done honor to his old calling, and they only show how little an honorable calling can elevate a common mind. Probably the journalist of the Bartley Hubbard order does not stop to analyze his own sentiments, and is hardly aware of his grudge; but he has an instinctive antipathy to the novclist who has put him on public view; and he delights in the accident of a little foreign criticism which gives him a chance to get even and to make lively copy at the sam time. In his dictionary a snob is not " a man who thinks he is better than you," but "a man whom you know to be better than yourself"; and this, we dare say, is the explanation of the case of Mr. Howells,

A CENTURY OF DIPLOMACY.

A retrospect of Prince Gortschakoff's career reveals striking changes of character in th iplomacy of the century. Born during the interval between Napeleon's Italian campaigns and the conquest of Egypt, he witnessed in his wouth the final triumph of the coalitions against France and attended the closing sessions of the Congress of Vienna. His diplomatic apprenticeship was served during the forty years of peace intervening between Waterloo and Se bastopol. The greatest individual force during that period was Metternich's will. As the master-designer of the European State system, which was reconstructed after the Napoleonic wars, the Austrian statesman held a unique position on the Continent. Having presided over the historic council which had revised the public law of Europe, he made it the supreme business of his career to interpret and enforce that law. The order of public life having been established, he regarded every departure from it, in respect to dynasty, frontier, constitution, institutions and modes of administration, as a breach of European faith. What he aimed to do was to keep not only Austria but the whole Continent precisely as it had been left in 1815. The State papers recently published in his Memoirs show how sternly he set his face against innovations and disturbing tendencies in every quarter. The germinating idea of his policy was expressed in his Emperor's political testachange nothing." In order to govern without change, he would do as little as possible, and never anything that was new. Activity must be repressed at home and abroad by an orderly and mechanical system. There must be stagnation, compression and uniformity everywhere. His god was System. Reverence for that god implied red-tape, routine, inaction and absolutism in domestic administration, and in Continental diplomacy a rigid adherence to the policy of masterly inactivity.

For forty years there was a paralysis of the real functions of government, a deadening of the natural impulses of nations. Diplomacy had two set phrases: "the maintenance of the balance of power" and "the equilibrium of dynastic forces." It was a diplomacy of trivial chatter and sterile inaction, and a statesman of original gentus, as Gortschakoff undoubtedly the Crimea had brought the long peace to a he lost no time in separating himself from the Metternich school of diplomacy. In a single contemptuous sentence, " Austria is not a Nation, but only a Government," he gave expression to Russian resentment toward an ally that was accounted treacherous, cowardly and ungrateful, and his own scorn of a policy of systematic inaction in foreign complications; and in the enigmatic phrase, " Russia does not sulkshe collects herself," he created the impression throughout Europe that a man of action had is proved by his diplomatic memorandum submitted to the Czar in 1864, and published a was to be restored in Europe and Austrian dupircity punished. Use was to be made of Italian unity, of the French alliance, and of German disunion, in bumiliating Austria, and by a Panslavie league under Russian primacy Turkin the Balkan peninsula. It was a programme of action and aggression, involving startling changes and ceaseless disturbance in the European State system. The Russian Chancellor adhered to it rigidly throughout his career at the Foreign Office.

Meanwhile, a new circle of diplomatists had arisen who would not sacrifice to Metternich's idols. There was a crowned intriguer who had entered upon the Italian campaign under a contract whereby France was to be paid in territory for its military services. There was a statesman in Berlin who had learned at Frankfort to despise those solemn prigs, the Austrian diplomats, trained in a school of routine, restraint and inaction. Events moved fast. The well-worn tradition of the balance of power was speedily forgotten. European obligations were renounced. The remonstrances of the courts against Russian cruelty in Poland were rendered harmless by Bismarck. Gortschakoff

TRIBUNE puts a few pointed questions about | James? Or is the American press fired | Napoleon III, after allowing Prussia to have her was to have nothing in return for his "benevolent"neutrality. Then came the France-German war, during which Gortschakoff repressed the uncasiness of Austria and isolated the action of the Powers; and seven years after the Black Sea clause of the Treaty of Paris was renonneed, the scheme of Panslavic aggression and deliverance, outlined in the secret memoir of 1864, was carried out. This was the diplomacy of action by which Cabinets were duped, dynasties overthrown, treaties torn up, and the

map of Europe changed from end to end. Gertschakoft was the oldest, but not the shrewdest player in the game of diplo nacy, for when the final accounting came he found that his favorite partner had beaten him. "The cards never forgive" is the whist-player's maxim. Gortschakoft miscalculated his chances strangely when he allowed Germany to become the strongest Power in Europe, and the cards never forgave him. As for Bismarck, success so complete as his had been gave a new character to diplomacy. Since Sedan his influence in Europe has been more potent than Metternich's was fifty years ago. He now upholds the sanctity of treaties and recognizes European obligations. He has even reaffirmed the old idea of the balance of power, for he has created an Austrian Bosnia as a counterpoise to a Russian Bulgaria, and by cordially supporting the English policy in Egypt has helped to distribute the European forces in the Eastern world. Strangest transition of all, the diplomacy of this man of blood and iron has become wholly pacific.

A POWERFUL PLAY.

There is apparently no end to the tribulations of Mr. Salmi Morse. He has been at work with extraordinary zeal and pertinacity for several years trying to place before this public a performance which the same public has repeatedly declared it does not care to witness. Instead of being discouraged by this hostile sentiment, he has gone ahead on the principle that he was leading a great moral movement which would do the public good and which he was in duty bound to make the public receive whether it was willing or not. He leased an armory and turned it into a theatre. He scoured the country in search of actors and finally succeeded in gathering a company sufficiently strong in the jaws to recite the verse of his play without dislocation. His irrepressible efforts to get a license for his theatre, and his struggles in the courts, are too well-known for repatition. Finally he attempted a dress rehearsal without a license and was arrested. In the legal proceedings which followed he came out victorious, and at once announced that he would give

a dress rehearsal as soon as possible. It looked like plain sailing at last. He declared that his remodelled armory was not a theatre, but a church, and that he should go ahead without a license. He little knew what was ahead of him. Suddenly the manufacturer who had supplied the church with chairs, de scended upon the sacred edifice and began to carry them away, claiming that Mr. Morse had never paid more than a portion of the charge made for them. Mr. Morse says that it is so, but that the chairs were so poorly constructed that "some of them fell apart during the rehearsal." That was a fatal admission, and nothing but the vexation of the moment could have betrayed Mr. Morse into making it. He native American apprentices. "We turn was suspected of being a powerful writer, but away," said the superintendent of a great ennow the full dimensions of his power stood revealed. His verse has such dynamite force that | for whom we can find no place,' its recitation in rehearsal causes iron chairs to fall apart! He confesses it, and the maker of the chairs strengthens his confession by declaring that the chairs were not only substantially made, but were firmly fastened to the floor. It is needless to say that a play of such dangerous power as this ought not to be given in public.

The audience would never escape alive. We trust the ordinary instincts of humanity are strong enough in Mr. Morse to enable him more grimy and shabby than any other meto realize this fact. He need not sacrifice his play. There is a market for it right at hand. O'Donovan Rossa and his interesting fellow-patriots ment to the present sovereign: "Govern and are in search of an explosive fifty times as powerful as any known to science. Let Mr. man in a hundred who out of the composing or Morse sell them his play.

A UNIQUE STUDY IN VITAL FORCE. Neither the egg nor the chicken is what it used to be. The egg in its passé state was for years one of the favorite arguments employed against the anti-slavery movement. To-day finds it, comparatively speaking, out of politics and serving a more creditable if a less obtrusive purpose. And just so the progress of events has eliminated the functions of the hen. Before the war hers was the form which "A Terrible Temptation" commonly took when it had designs upon the Southern negro. But long ago it came to pass that he could get past a hen-roost in the dark of the moon as readily as the rest of his fellows. Shorn of her power for evil, the hen is contented proudly to boast, in was, must often have rebelled against it. When the language of Wordsworth, that she is "not too good for human nature's daily food," and we close and he was appointed Nesselrode's suc- doubt not is happier than she was when she excessor after the Treaty of Paris had been signed, erted a great but matign power over a section of the race of man.

It remained for a writer in The Country Con-

tleman to invade the retirement of the egg and the chicken, and to place them once again in the glare of that fierce white light that beats upon subjects which get into the newspapers. This writer discusses the question: How much vital force does n hen consume in hatching an egg? We guarantee that there is no merely mortal man in the United States that can answer this question off-hand. Of course, Professor Sumarisen. That this impression was well founded ner, of Yale College, can. The proceedings of the American Association for the Advance ment of Science make no mention of it, nor, so year ago in Germany. In that secret memoir he | far as we are aware, has it ever waked to ecoutlined a policy by which Russian prestige stacy the miscellaneous muse of Walt Whitman. And yet, naw that the question is asked everybody will be impressed with its interest and importance and fall to wondering why it did not come to the forefront of discussion long ago, with the tariff, the open Polar sea, the cocduish authority was to be gradually undermined cation of the sexes, the limit of consecutive quail-eating and other of humanity's leading problems. It has trequently been suspected that too many hens have been addicted to the consumption of an inordinate amount of vital force in hatching eggs. On no other plausible theory can the presence of so many tough hens in the market be accounted for. Of course, the only sensible way to check this waste, and thus prevent hens from undermining their constitutions, is to determine precisely what amount of force goes to hatching, and then hit upon some scheme to prevent hens from expending more than the determined amount. It ought not to be difficult to mature such a scheme. A modification of the current bell-punch, so arranged that it would ring just as soon as the hen had reached the force limit, would appear to be the thing. Of course, it would be the duty of the man who owned the poultry-yard just as soon as he heard the bell ring to walk up to the hen and request her firmly but kindly to contribute

upon having the force limit respected by every one of his fowls engaged in hatching.

It only remains to state the result of the investigations pursued by this writer in The Country Gentleman in the field of applied hens. Starting with the undisputed proposition that heat can be measured by force and force by heat," he logically concludes that it is possible to learn the mechanical force used up in hatching a chicken from an egg by measuring the consumption of heat by the egg during the process. So far so good. But his next step is not so satisfactory, for he introduces not a hen but a pine-wood incubator. Now a pine-wood Indian is perhaps a more agreeable gentleman than a human Indian. But when it comes to incubators the hen is so greatly to be preferred to any other variety that it is positively amazing that this bold investigator should have discarded her. But barring this serious error in judgment, he performs his task in a most commendable manner. After determining the loss of heat inside of his pine-wood incubator he loaded it up with twenty eggs and placed it behind the chimney, "where the temperature never varied from 80°." The experiments that followed convinced him that the vital force employed in hatching eggs " would be sufficient to raise about 1,400 pounds one foot high every minute during the period of twenty-one days."

This is considerable vital force, and the tudent of political economy may well ask himself if a hen or other incubator that can raise about 1,400 pounds one foot high every minute, and keep repeating the feat for twenty-one consecutive days, has not mistaken its vocation in devoting itself to hatching eggs. Judiciously used, that much vital force ought to be equal to knocking out Sullivan or performing some handsome feats of barn-raising or pile-driving. We are living in an uncommonly scientific age.

TRADES FOR AMERICANS. Two or three weeks ago a careful inquiry

vas instituted in Philadelphia, the largest manufacturing city in the country, as to the relative number of foreigners and native Americans engaged in the trades and as skilled handicraftsmen of every kind. The result was startling. Foreigners, especially the Germans and Scotch-Irishmen, had shouldered our own people altogether out of almost every such occapation. The American boys could be counted on the fingers who were learning the trade of weaving in the great wootlen and carnet manufactories. The same story was told in the cotton mills, at the stocking looms. Yet the wages paid to these skilled workmen are high and steady. The Scotchman or North Irishman earns from \$18 to \$29 per week in Philadelphia, owns his comfortable dwelling, and brings up his son to the same trade which his own father, most probably, followed in Glasgow or Londonderry. The American boy has not learned this sure, slow road to comfort from his father. There was the same report from manufacturers of paper, soap, shoes, clothes, furniture, shipbuilders, cutlers-every industry, in short, but two. The American boy of the class which does not enter the professions is not to be found in the trades; partly because he is barred out by the trades unioes, but more because he does not choose to go into them. To this general rule there are, however, two notable exceptions: printing and machine shops. Each of these trades is crowded with gine works, "bundreds of applicants in a year,

Now here is a significant hint of national character. We are perpetually told that the American lad of the partially educated class refuses to learn a trade and becomes a salesman or clerk on a miserable salary, from the snobbish, vulgar desire to be considered a gentleman. Yet the same young fellow in a chanic. It is no ambition for gentility that moves him to these pursuits. But they open to him possible short roads to success; they give his inventive faculties some play. It is only one press room becomes editor or publisher; or who turns out to be a lucky Harrison or Winans in the machine shop. But each boy is confident that he will be that man. When he 'goes into business" as salesman at \$3 per week, he knows he will some day be an Astor or a Stewart. When he goes out to Colorado as a cow-boy he sees in a vision his own cattle grazing on a thousand hills.

Hence he turns his back on the trades in which there is no chance for sudden success, and by which the plodding German or Protestant Irishman generation after generation secures a steady limited competency. Our lad must out on seven-league boots to go to his fortune, or he will not go at all. In a certain sense, therefore, there appears to be no remedy for this present condition of affairs. The leonard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and the vivid, inventive, sharp eyed American, fond of earning and squandering money in bulk, will never be brought to plod and save and enjoy life a pennyworth at a time like his European neighbor, who was not born prospective heir to a great estate. A certain grade of our skilled trades will always remain, it is probable, in the hands of foreigners.

But one lesson our American lad must learn before he succeeds, and as he is exceptionally sharp he generally does learn it when he finds he does not succeed without it. That is, steadiness of aim. Instability is our national defect. The American of twenty-four who has made up his mind as to his business, his politics and his religion, and who abides by them for the next ten years, is a marked and weighty man. Take the crowds of fortune seekers pouring now into Colorado or Dakota and you will find each of them has tried two or twenty methods of earning a living before he fell back, like Antwus, on the bosom of Mother Earth to gather strength. Two or three names in each profession, in trade and invention would complete the list of living Americans who have made a great and signal success; and they are invariably men of inflexible singleness of purpose. The American lad, educated or half educated, is too aut to scatter his shot and hit nothing. He would be suddenly rich, he would be known as a politician, he would be a man of society. Hence, with a heritage of natural abilities above mediocrity, with keen perceptions, fine tastes and a limitless estate waiting for him to claim, be fails. It is a story as old as the world. "Reuben," said the seer thousands of years ago, "is the first-born: the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power. Unstable as " water, he shall not excel."

Mr. Randall emerged from Congress straddling a little wider than usual. He did his utmost to defeat the Tariff bill by refusing to serve on the Conference Committee. This was his sop to the Free Traders. Then when the bill came up for final passage, he voted with the Protectionists in its favor. It is a looked on while two great States invaded helpless Denmark in defiance of a European treaty.
The two treaty-breakers quarrelling over the spoils, Austria lost her last province in Italy and the lendership of the German states, and and the lendership of the German states, and and the lendership of the German states, and looked on while two great States invaded helpless Denmark in defiance of a European treaty.
The two treaty-breakers quarrelling over the spoils, Austria lost her last province in Italy to fling a patent incubator at her. After the incubator at her. After the incubator at her and defining the specific protection aman with less practice than Randall, He will pull himself together presently and make a Protection speech in Pennsylvania, pointing to his vote as proof of his fidelity to the industrial interests of the State.

When Congress reassembles, he will be in the field or short credit.

yond recognition the man could safely count for Speaker, claiming the support of the Pennsylvania delegation as a Protectionist, and that of the Western and Southern members as a Free Trader. He has worked that "racket" successfully several times before, and who knows but he may de so again.

PERSONAL.

Russell Harrison, son of Senator Harrison of Indiana, is said to be engaged to be married to the daughter of Senator Saueders of Nebraska. He is superintendent of the United States Assay Office at Helena, M. T., and is said to be growing rich rapidly from mining and other enterprises.

Baron Davillier, whose death at the age of fiftynine is announced in Paris, was a princely art patron and collector, and gathered rich treasures of canvas, bronze, ivory, china and glass, and tapestries. He would never part with an object he had purchased, saying always that he intended his col-lection for the Louvre.

Mr. Ruskin declarss that he will not allow the resumption of his former duties at Oxford to destroy or change his purposes concerning the Walkley Museum at Sheffield. All delays and dubitations in the business, he says, have been the result of his own illnesses or ignorances, and he hopes now, in restored health and clearer knowledge, soon to fulfil whatever was right in the original design.

Sarah Bernhardt's latest advertisement takes the form of a visit to a lunatic asylum, where she studied the manners and customs of the inmates, with a view to reproducing them on the stage. She had herself locked up in one of the cells where vio-lent manages are confined, and then went through a rehearsal of gymnastics such as mad people are wont to indulge in.

Eugland's wealthiest baronet is said to be Sir John Rameden, of Byram, Yorkshire. His rent-roll is computed at \$850,000 a year. He owns almost the whole of Huddersfield, the great manufacturing centre. The little bit he doesn't own was alvery Naboth's vineyard to his father, who, according to popular tradition, once offered to its Quaker owner to cover it with sovereigns if he would sell it.
"Edgewise, friend Ramrden!" quoth the Quaker;
"In that case it is thine; otherwise ail Huddersfield
must still belong to thee and ne." "Edgewise"
was rather more than the baronet could swallow.

One day after Judge Wylie had been rather severe on him in court, and had somewhat impatiently cut hun short in some of his remarks. Coronel Ingersoll left the court house and walked across the street to a restaurant, for lunch. He had to pass just in front of at old gray horse, and as he did so the animal snapped at him as if to take his head off. Luckily the horse miscalculated the distance, but his big teeth classed together only a few inches from the la wyer's ear. Quick as a flash the latter turned with "In the devil's name, what court are you the judge of?" and when Davidge whispered the aneo-date around in court that dote around in court that afternoon Judge Wylie had a hard time keeping order among the lawyers.

During one of General Butler's political campaigns, a newspaper reporter was detailed to follow him about from meeting to meeting, reporting his spesches in a manner as ridiculous and discreditable (to the General) as possible. The result was, reading not very agreeable to the man most interested in it. One marning the reporter with a number of fellow-scribes found himself in the same railroad car with the General, travelling toward the scene of the next meeting. Butler eyed them askance for a few minutes, and then strode toward them with a court-martial frown on his face and a copy of the off-nding paper in his hand. Fointing to the standalous report, he inquired: "Which of you young gestlemen wrote this?" A moment's awful hash, and then "I did, General," replied the reporter in question. "Well, sir," rejoined Butler, emiling grunly, "you ought to be well raid for such living, and I hope you are," and he stalked back to his seat amid the guifaws of the entire company. Captain O. H. Oldroyd, of Springfield, Ill., offers

to give that State his great collection of relies of Lincoln, as soon as the State will provide a suitable building for lis reception, and the Legislature now proposes to purchase Lincoln's former home in Springfield for that purpose, The Oldroyd collection consists of more than 2,000 articles, ranging from autograph letters to cooking-stoves. It includes the "stove-pipe" hat worn by Lincoln on the day of his first nomination for the Presidency. As is well known, when he saw the tide of the convention was turning in his favor, he hastened to Springfield. The next forenoon he was out on the common, playing a game of base-ball with the boys -a game of which he was very fond-and in making a hard run to casch a ball he pitched headforemost into one of the players and shot his hat down gentleman. Yet the same young fellow in a printing office or machine foundry works harder and comes out of his daily drudgery more grimy and shabby than any other mechanic. It is no ambition for gentility that moves start home, the editor suggested that it would never do for the young Republican party's candidate for the Presidency to go on the street with such a hat, and accordingly he sent out and hought a new one, leaving the old one at the Journal office. There it was picked up and went into Oldroyd's collection. The chair in which he was sitting when the news of his nomination was received is also in the collection.

Washington, March 17.-The President has improved very much in health in the past few days, but is not yet entirely recovered. The arrangements for his contemplated visit to Fortress Mon roe have not yet been completed. The United States steamer Dispatch, which is known as the President's yacht, is now at the Navy Yard and can be placed at the President's disposal at a few hours' notice. It is settled, however, that the President will not leave the city before Tuesday of next

GENERAL NOTES.

Kayanagh's car has been sold to Mme.

lussaud's exhibition in Loudon. A seamstress of Milan, Guiseppina Rosa by name, was recently in such dire poverty that she was forced to sell for a triffing sum an old painting, the sole relie left of her dead mother. She had scarcely dried her tears when back came the pleture-dealer with a large roll of bank-notes. He had discovered that the laminist relie was a masterplece of Annibale Caracci—a fact scarcely more remarkable than his own honesty.

Workmen are removing the two bell-towers which have disfigured the front of the Pantheon for two centuries and a haif. These "orecenioui," asses' cars were erected by the famous architect Bernini in the pon-tificate of Urban VIII. The St. James's Gazette observed as a singular circumstance indicating perhaps that the architect was ashamed of his work, that the fife of Ber-nini, by his son, though it goes into the minutest de-tails, makes no mention of the "orecchioni."

On February 7 and 8 Tokio and Yokohama were visited by a snow-storm which has had no parallel since 1834. The snow fell uninterruptedly for thirtythree hours, and a fierce gale piled up drifts five or six three hours, and a heree gas . On level ground shelfest high in the streets of Tokto. On level ground shelfered from the wind the snew was actually 21 inches tered from the wind the snew was actually 21 inches deep. Telegraph lines were broken down, railed trains were burled and all traffic was suspended. We finally the sun appeared, says The Japan Weekly Me half the inhabitants of the capital negat have been se-

A fortnight ago as aged woman died in the Irish town of Eglington, near Londonderer. The usual arrangements for the funeral were made, and the central was closed and taken in a hourse to the place of burish, lowered, and the grave filled in. On reaching home however, the sclatives of the deceased were amuzed to flud the corpse of the old woman lying on the bed apout which she had died, nobody having thought to but her in the coffin. The body was subsequently taken in a curt to the grave, the coffin was ruled, the corpse was placed in it and it was again lowered to its place.

Much interest has lately been aroused in Denver, Col., and its vicinity by the accidental production of an artesian well at North Denver, a region greatly in need of an abundant supply of pure water. In order to decide whether or not a bed of coal underlies the city a boring was made, and a depth of 375 feet had been reached when, to the great surprise of everybody concerned, a great flow of water stopped the work. A two-inch pips was 'nserted and now for nearly three weeks a steadily increasing volume of water has been discharged. Further experiments will be made in the neighborhood and sanguine persons a ready behold. [3] imagination, the surface of the country transformed by Irrigation.

Among the papers of the late Rev. Dr. Benjamin Trumbuil, the historian of Connecticut, was found an advertising circular of Benjamin Arnold's New-Haven store. It announces that " Benjamin Arnold had just imported (via New-York) and seils at his store in New-Haven a very large and fresh assortment of drugs and chymical preparations, etc." An enumeration of the principal attractions follows, showing the wide cope of the Continental merchant's calling and the cul-